

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Lepers Heavy Burden on District of Columbia

WASHINGTON.—More than a year after John Early, the leper, put in an appearance in Washington, and health officials, he is still a "guest" of the municipality at the little leper cottage on the grounds of the Government Hospital for the Insane beyond the eastern branch. With Early at the detention cottage is Emil R. Grable, another leper, who was taken in custody on the streets of Washington December 10. Early arrived in Washington and notified the health officials of his presence early in June last year.

Since Early's arrival, and since the coming of Grable, the District authorities have made repeated efforts through letters to the secretary of the treasury to have the Federal public health service take charge of the two lepers, but those efforts have been without success.

The necessity for taking care of the two men has drained the funds set apart for the contagious disease work of the District. The cost is between \$6 and \$10 a day. The health department has found it necessary to call several times on the commissioners for emergency appropriations.

The lepers, it is stated, are under treatment by the District health authorities according to the latest inoculatory methods, but so far have shown no improvement. On the contrary, it is understood, the disease is showing progressive development in both cases.

Both of the unfortunates came to Washington with the hope of remaining here, it is said, and seem contented with their lot.

"Ugh!" Says Indian Chief, Signing Away Millions

AFTER A-She-Gah-Hre, principal chief of the Osages, attached his thumb to a document at the interior department assenting to the disposition of oil and gas leases in the Osage reservation covering 680,000 acres and valued at many millions of dollars, he remarked:

"Ugh, guess that will do."

Andrew Big Horse also signed, for he could write. When E-Gron-Kah-Shin-Kah was asked to assent as a member of the Osage tribal council he pressed his thumb mark upon the paper.

Foster Bigheart was able to write. Other signers for the tribal council of six and the officers all wrote their names, and Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane and Indian Commissioner Sells witnessed the signatures and the thumb marks. Then everybody went up to the White House to see the "Great White Father" and tell him what they had done. It was something of an event in the life of the Indians. For once the government officers and the Indians had been able to agree on the disposition of Indian property.

The action provides for the leases on the 680,000 acres of oil and gas lands in the Osage reservation in Oklahoma which are known as the Foster leases and are held by the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil company and its subsidiaries, and which will expire March 16 next. The controversy has existed over months. The oil company sought a renewal of the existing leases, but the action taken cuts them out and eliminates the middleman generally.

A feature of the agreement is the provision that the United States government shall be given an option on the wells at prevailing prices when new leases are made. None of the present subsidiaries will be permitted to retain more than 4,000 acres. Oil and gas rights will be leased separately. The royalty rate is increased from one-eighth to one-sixth on well producing less than 100 barrels and one-fifth on wells producing over that amount. The rate on gas wells is changed from \$100 each per year to one-sixth royalty.

"Ty" Cobb Stirs Fans in Department of Commerce

"TY" COBB, the popular player of the Detroit baseball team, nearly wrecked the government machinery in the department of commerce when he called to pay a visit to his friend, Robert Clancy, private secretary to Assistant Secretary Street of the department, also from Detroit. Cobb and Clancy, in between times, run the Woodrow Wilson faction out in Detroit. Clancy is president of the Woodrow Wilson Club of Detroit and "Ty" Cobb is his first lieutenant, holding down the chair of vice-president.

When Cobb came in to see Clancy one of the messengers opened his eyes wide at being able to get so close to the baseball player, and like a twentieth century Paul Revere, he went through the halls telling of Cobb's presence. From then on there was a constant stream of visitors into Clancy's office.

They kept coming and congregating in the room. Clancy tried to open a door and let them come in one way, shake hands with the visitor and pass out. But that did not work at all. Those baseball "fans" weren't going to be deterred. They just hung around, and each had a baseball story to tell Cobb.

Cobb then went through the building, guided and protected by Robert Clancy, and impromptu receptions were held on every floor. Business did not settle down after those receptions, for the employees went to the window to watch "Ty" leave the building.

They were hanging out every window when the player stepped into a waiting taxicab with Clancy.

"Wave to them, Ty," said Clancy.

"Ty" waved.

Then a great cheer went up as the taxicab disappeared down the avenue.

How Uncle Sam Measures the Size of Raindrops

THE United States weather man recently has undertaken some very interesting experiments in relation to raindrops. He has made "movie" pictures of them falling, and through the adoption of an ingenious device has succeeded in measuring them—the result being the discovery that raindrops vary in diameter all the way from one-fiftieth of an inch to one-third of an inch.

Anybody can measure the size of raindrops for himself, when once the simple method is explained. All that is necessary is to take a small tin pan and spread smoothly in it some well-aid flour to a depth of an inch. Expose it then to a shower for three or four seconds—long enough, that is to say, to allow a few drops to fall upon the flour. As a result, a number of little holes will be made in the flour, and at the bottom of each hole will be found a pellet of dough.

The dough pellets must not be disturbed until they have had time to become dry and hard. Then they may be taken out, and will represent with a fair degree of exactness the sizes of the drops by which they were made. This may be proved by allowing artificial raindrops (suspended from the end of a broom-straw or glass pipette, and carefully measured) to fall into a pan of flour from a height of two or three feet. When the resulting pellets are examined they will be found to correspond closely in size to the drops.

Many thousands of such dough pellets representing raindrops have been photographed or labeled and put on file for reference at the weather bureau in Washington. They afford data from which various kinds of rainfalls may be studied. For, oddly enough, sizes of drops seem to have a recognizable relation to different kinds of storms, or to different parts of the same storm.

A Last Resort.

"Confound it! Another wedding invitation."

"Going to send something?"

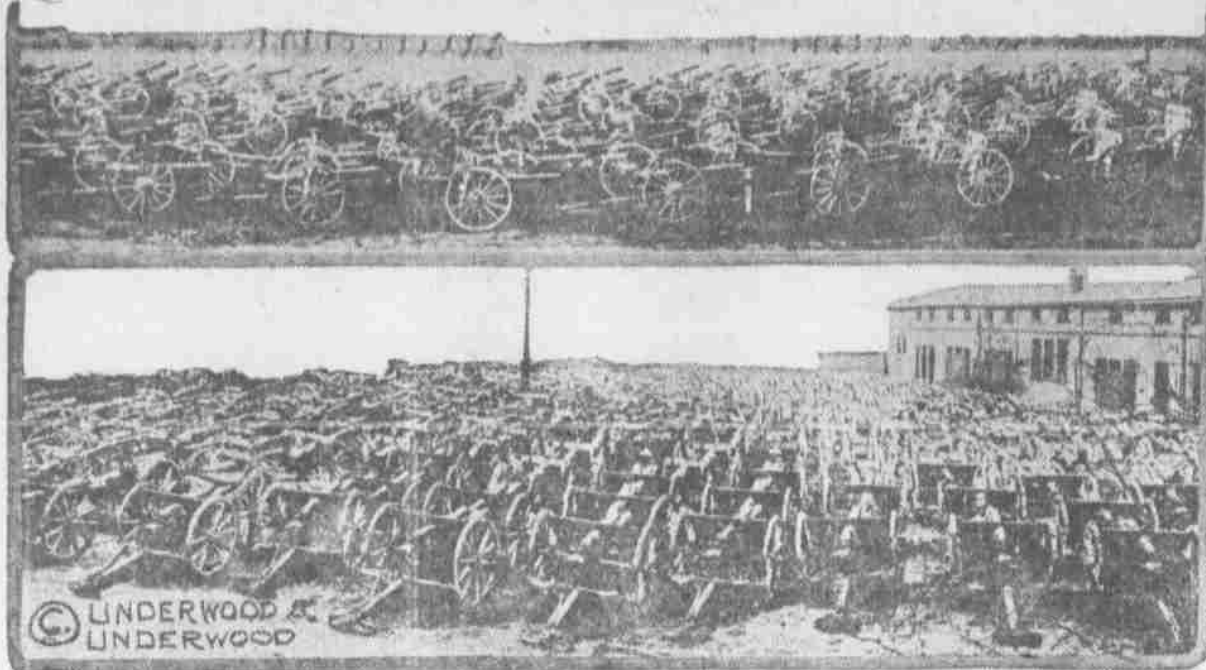
"No, I think it would be cheaper to move and claim the invitation went astray."

Ad Infinitum.

"I suppose visitors ask you a great many foolish questions," said the man who thought he was different.

"Oh, yes," answered the guide wearily. "I have just been asked another one."

ACRES OF CANNON CAPTURED BY THE GERMANS



Scenes at the Krupp works at Essen, Germany, showing acres of field and siege guns captured from the English, French and Russians and sent to Essen to be repaired and remodeled.

"RICH LADIES" ARE ARRESTED

Girls Entertain Lavishly While Owners of Handsome Residence in Pittsburgh Are Away.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—"I did so want to know what it felt like to be rich and entertain people in a fine house," was the excuse given by Audrey Garvin, aged nineteen, who with her sister Joanne, aged seventeen, had played "lady" while her employer, Mrs. Eugene S. Rellie of No. 1047 Negley avenue, was away from her home.

Audrey Garvin was left in charge of the Rellie house three weeks ago while the family went away. She sent for her sister and together the couple entertained many young men lavishly. Among their guests were students of Pittsburgh university and Carnegie "Tech." When Mrs. Rellie arrived home she learned of the girls' pranks and had them arrested.

Audrey said when arrested: "I should have married one of those rich fellows while I had the chance."

COULDN'T WED; ADOPTS HIM

Los Angeles Woman Takes a Singer, Whose Voice Attracted Her, Into Family.

Los Angeles.—The sweet voice of Alois Mayer, twenty-seven years old, who earns his living by singing in a cafe, and whose parents were alive in Germany the last he heard, won him a fortune when the superior court granted the petition of Mrs. Edith Amos, forty-seven, to adopt him as a son.

Mrs. Amos, who said she had been attracted by the singing, which reminded her of her own dead boy, is the daughter of Mrs. Mary A. Burke of San Francisco. At her death Mrs. Burke left an estate valued at about \$1,000,000.

"I couldn't very well marry him," Mrs. Amos told Judge Sidney N. Reeve in urging her petition. Mayer came here from Munich a couple of years ago. He said he had not heard from his parents for months.

NELSON GIFT TO NAVY LEAGUE

Plate From Famous Admiral's Collection Presented Under Certain Conditions.

London.—A well wisher has placed at the disposal of the Navy league 23 pieces of plate which were at one time the property of Admiral Lord Nelson and bearing his arms and used by him on the Victory up to the day of his death at the battle of Trafalgar.

The conditions attaching to the gift are: That a sum of not less than the equivalent of \$325 for each piece of plate be raised by the Navy league, which amount shall be paid over to the British Red Cross society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in equal shares, and that the plate be presented in separate pieces to such of the British warships as shall have done conspicuous service during the present war.

WIFE QUITS THE PARSONAGE

Pastor-Husband Forgets Art of Kissing and Young Bride Returns to Her Mother.

St. Louis.—Mrs. Eugenia Anderson, nineteen years old, seven-months bride of Rev. Arthur R. Anderson, pastor of the Central Christian church in Granite City, has returned to the home of her mother, Mrs. Minnie Koch of this city, because, she says, her husband would not kiss her.

She told a reporter that, in the last two months, her husband had kissed her but once, and that this lone salute was bestowed, not upon her lips, but upon her cheek, but in a half-hearted way on her cheek.

She said she did not wish to be divorced, and would be glad to resume her place as mistress of the manse, if her husband would only give her a little affection.

Pass Up 5,000 Pennies.

New York.—After five thousand pennies in a canvas bag had been ignored for half an hour by passersby, Joseph Poesler, fifteen, picked it from the sidewalk in the busiest section of Brooklyn. A bank messenger had lost it.

FOUR LEGS TO THIS CHICK

Members of Oak Park Family Each to Get "Drumstick" Thanksgiving.

Chicago.—There will be four "drumsticks" to be distributed next Thanksgiving to members of the family of Mrs. M. A. McGurn, 229 North Austin avenue, Oak Park. They will all come from one fowl.

"Rose," a white Leghorn hen, hatched a "freak" chick Monday. It

TAKING OF CARENCY

Soldier Describes Horrible Fighting in Storming Ruined City.

Town a Regular Fortress, All the Houses Communicated by Cellars and Underground Passages—Kill With Hand Grenades.

Paris.—The horrible fighting which resulted in the taking of ruined Carency by the French is described today by a soldier in a letter received here:

"At 10 a. m., with knapsacks and with our pouch bags well stored with grenades and melinite petards, we left our trenches, and along a front of one and a fourth miles rushed the first German trench. We were allowed ten minutes; it took us exactly 15 seconds. All the Boches in the trench were killed or captured. We at once cut the electric wires, for everything was mined.

"Away to the second trench, which is carried in the same manner. We took many prisoners and a heap of spoil. The machine guns we at once swung round and so peppered the enemy with their own projectiles. We exploded mines, which made holes 40 yards in diameter and ten yards deep. Numbers of Boches were buried. Others lay on the parapets or in the trenches, horribly cut up—some decapitated, others bayoneted. They had been taken by surprise, and could not make use of their asphyxiating bombs.

"In the evening we seized a cemetery. Hot fighting. We lost pretty heavily, for the enemy fought bravely, and made good use of his machine guns. In the night they bombarded us plentifully, but we lay low in their holes, and our losses were very slight.

"Monday passed in the attack of other points and the consolidation of our positions and investment of Carency, which is a regular fortress. All the houses communicate by the cellars and underground passages. Everywhere deep, well-defended trenches. Machine-leaves in the houses and 77 millimeter and one 195 millimeter-guns in the big farm.

"On Tuesday morning, with a rush, we enter Carency. It has to be taken house by house. No sooner was one taken than the enemy fled into the next. They shot at us through the cellar gratings. We crawled up under the walls and threw down grenades. Heaps of them were killed in the cellars.

"At noon the whole of Carency was ours. A lieutenant whom we took prisoner blew out his brains.

"I entered a lieutenant's cabin. First of all, on top was a ten-foot layer of earth, covered with green sods. Twelve steps led down to the living room, which was 13 feet by 16 feet, with a glass paneled door and curtains. Enormous tree trunks propped up the whole.

"The walls were lined with morocco, probably 'lifted' from some cafe, and the ceiling was linoleum. Gilt leather held everything fast. On the right was a comfortable walnut bed; on the left a square table with a new oilcloth covering; in the middle, a fine lamp on a stand, and in the recess a Prussian stove. Knickknacks, books, valuable odds and ends lay about on shelves. Boxes of cigars, hams, butter, sausage, beer.

"The Germans, fighting inch by inch, fell back on Ablain. We were now before Carency and across the water. All the Boches hiding there were killed or thrown in. Six prisoners had been taken, and left under the care of a theatrical gentleman. We went on, and the prisoners fell upon him and killed him and then 'skedaddled!'

Coffin Found by Workmen.

Ladoga, Ind.—The remains of a coffin containing some fragments of human bones was unearthed here by workmen excavating for a cellar in New Ross. The grave was not near a cemetery.

About fifty years ago a man named Noffsinger disappeared mysteriously from New Ross and was not seen or heard from afterward. Residents of New Ross believe he met with foul play and was buried in the big woods, which then covered the land where the grave was found.

Wore Out Two Doctors.

Detroit.—Dr. D. B. Downey, one of the city physicians, is back at his desk after being laid up for five months with diphtheria of the eye, contracted when a child he was treating for diphtheria coughed in his face. Doctor Downey was blind for two months and had to be led around, and for several weeks was laid up in St. Mary's hospital. Diphtheria of the eye is a very rare affliction.

Girl, Four, Star Swimmer.

Philadelphia.—Four-year-old Beatrice Whitelam, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Whitelam, of this city, swam 329 yards in thirteen and one-half minutes on the Philadelphia Swimming Club course in the Schuylkill river at Lafayette.

FLEES DOWN A PHONE WIRE

But It Cuts His Hand and New York Policeman Catches the Fugitive.

New York.—Three men alighted from an auto at One Hundred and Eleventh street and Lenox avenue at four o'clock yesterday afternoon and, leaving the chauffeur in the machine, entered the apartment house, 109 West One Hundred and Eleventh street.

Soon a tenant phoned to the West One Hundred and Twenty-third street police station that three burglars were in the flat of John Gray on the third floor. When Patrolman Clinchy arrived the men had fled to the roof. Clinchy got there in time to see two go down the rear fire escape. The third man started to slide down on a telephone wire. The wire cut his hands so badly that at the second floor he swung himself through a window of Charles Levy's flat.

Clinchy followed, found him hiding behind a bed and arrested him. The prisoner described himself as James Regan, a chauffeur, of 214 West One Hundred and Fortieth street. His hands had to be dressed by a doctor.

The other men fled in the machine.

POPE BENEDICT XV



Latest photograph of the ruler of the Roman Catholic church who is using his influence and his office to end the war in Europe.

COST \$17 TO HANG A MAN

Old Warrants in Rush County, Indiana, Show Some Curious Statistics.

Rushville, Ind.—The first record of warrants ever used by a treasurer of Rush county, covering the period from 1822 to 1841, was found in the treasurer's office recently. The record showed that it cost the county only \$17 to hang Edward L. Swanson, the only man who ever paid the death penalty in Rush county.

He was convicted of the murder of Elisha Clark, in April, 1829, and after a motion for a new trial failed, was hanged in May of the same year. The warrants issued show that \$5 was allowed Beverly R. Ward for making a coffin for Swanson, \$2 was allowed David Looney for digging the grave, and \$10 was paid William L. Bupelt for "rope, cap, shroud and gallowes for the execution of Edward L. Swanson."

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STORIES from the BIG CITIES



Chicago Con Men Caught by Corncob Pipe Lure

CHICAGO.—"They Fell for the Corncob Pipe," a one-reel of city life, was run off on Van Buren street the other day. The passenger had a corncob pipe, and had he worn a celluloid collar and cotton in his ears the trio would not have been happier.

As it was they only crowded fondly around him on the platform and deftly examined his pockets to make sure that he had left nothing at home on the farm that he might need in a big city.

The owner of the corncob fired it so earnestly that the conductor chased him to the front platform. He apologized for his ignorance of city car etiquette. The three pocket examiners obligingly accompanied him forward to make sure he did not fall off.

or into the hands of rival operators.

"There's a lot of money to be made over on the lake front," ventured one of the trio by way of striking up an acquaintance.

"How's that?" asked the corncobbler.

"Oh, just matching pennies with suckers," he was told.

"Come on over and we'll show you how it's done," invited one of the three.

All right, boys, said the man with the corncob, "I'm out for a good time, gosh darn it. Let's go over and do it to a few of them easy ones."

One of them, supposedly the stage manager, left the car at Jacksona boulevard.

At Adams street the smoker and the other two alighted. The owner of the pipe paused at an iron box on a post to knock the ashes out of the cob.

"Ding bust me," he said, "if it ain't a patrol box. Boys, you're pinched."

The pair tried to run. Detective Sergeant Garrett Coan dropped his corncob and grabbed them both.

Women at Atlantic City Smoke on Boardwalk

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Now there's a new fad among the women visiting A here. It started one day when one fair creature in a rolling chair procession blithely and seemingly oblivious of the shocked countenances of sedate boardwalk strollers puffed contentedly away at a cigarette.

A few followed suit next day, and soon there were scores of 'em leaning languidly against the rattan backs of the moving chairs and indolently enjoying "a smoke."

The sight of women smoking in public—so many of them, too—literally staggered visitors with fixed, staid ideas of conventionalities. There were many indignant protests registered for the bizarre innovation, too; but since those who indulged in it were of apparent respectability and accompanied by male escorts, nothing could be done about it. The police simply winked, shrugged and otherwise demonstrated their helplessness.

Most of the fair smokers were young girls—your girls, who, between the giggles as if it were the jolliest of ideas. A few held dainty gold-tipped cigarettes; some were equipped with ornamental gold holders, and all of them asked why they ventured to defy custom—"Why, just to keep the mosquitoes away," and they added, with benign smiles, that josh sticks and punk were antique and useless for such service.

It was really a strange spectacle to watch handsomely gownned women with unmistakable marks of breeding, rolling along the boardwalk in the comfortable chairs and leaving thin wisps of smoke. They attracted more attention than the bathers, and, instead of being annoyed by the stares of passers by, they rather seemed to enjoy them.

A hotel man said the young women who started the fad did it more in the spirit of a lark than anything else.

Pepper Dislodges a Burglar From Dumbwaiter

NEW YORK.—Employing the most modern tactics after usual methods had failed, tenants of an apartment house at 145 West One Hundred and Thirty-third street early the other morning arrested George Jackson, a young negro, after a burglar had entered the apartment of Mrs. Lena Halsey, on the fourth floor. Jackson ran down the fire escape to the second floor and dropped to the rear yard. Headed off from the street, he sought refuge in the dumbwaiter and began to pull himself up, evidently hoping to gain the roof.

Saul Finkelstein and Emmanuel Goldman, who had run in from the street, went to the dumbwaiter shaft. Jackson stopped the dumbwaiter with himself in it half way between the second and third floors. By this time all doors to the dumbwaiter shaft were opened and voices were heard from all the floors. Finkelstein and Goldman pulled the rope to bring the dumbwaiter down, but Jackson had braced himself and they could not move it.

"Throw something on him!" yelled Finkelstein.

A shower of milk bottles followed the order, but the roof of the dumbwaiter was proof against such projectiles.

"Try pepper," called a woman's voice.

The contents of three boxes of the ordinary black variety and one of paprika were emptied simultaneously down the shaft. There was the sound of a titanic sneeze and of rope running through a pulley. The dumbwaiter struck with a crash and Jackson sprawled out on the concrete floor, where he was pounced upon.

Missouri Couple Measured for Walnut Coffins

EDWARDSVILLE, MO.—Mr. and Mrs. Anton Wieneke, an Edwardsville couple of mature years, but robust health, a few days ago stood up and were measured for their coffins. Attention was paid to having a neat fit, and they insisted on nice workmanship and finish.

Alderman W. J. Smith, one of the managers of the Edwardsville Planing Mill company, was called out of his office recently to inspect a wagon load of lumber, which had just arrived. He found that it was a very fine quality of black walnut.

Mr. Wieneke accompanied the driver and briefly explained his mission to Smith.

"I want you to make a couple of coffins for mother and me from this lumber," he said. "It is cut from trees that grew on the old home place. Several years ago mother and I decided that we didn't want any 'store' coffins, made out of cheap boards and covered with black cloth."

"So I had a big tree on the old home place cut and sawed into these boards. They have been carefully seasoned for three years and are ready to use. We want the complete coffins made from them, top, sides and bottoms, joined and smoothed and polished, but with the natural finish."

Smith booked the queer order and his workmen executed it.

Personally Concerned.

"Your boy Josh looks well."

"I dunno," replied Farmer Corntoesel, "the way Josh looks kind of 'worried me. Every summer the clothes he wears home from school are more surprised than they were the year before."

"Well, what do you care?"

"I care a heap. His mother insists on sendin' him back dressed up in the fall styles an' I've got to wear his old clothes all winter."

French Academy War Prizes.

No prizes are to be given this year by the French academy, the most famous of the world's literary bodies, except to writers killed at the front while defending France. These prizes will be turned over to surviving members of the families of these writers.

"In this way," remarks the editor of a French magazine, "the illustrious body wishes to show that its only thought, in common with all other Frenchmen, is the welfare of France."

